THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

SOMEWHERE.

"How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb
And somewhere still, there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
O, true, brave heart, God bless thee, whereso'er
In his great universe thou art today."

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Bowdoin College had as a Christmas present a $300,000 gift from a man who wishes his name withheld at present.

Passenger travel across the Atlantic in 1908 showed a shrinkage of 1,000,000 persons as compared with that for 1907.

There were more lynchings in the United States last year than for any other year since 1903, the number being 100. The legal executions numbered 92.

A distiller at Englewood, a Chicago suburb, has been arrested for giving whisky to children on their way to and from school. Some of the children became drunk.

Seven hundred thousand persons applied for pensions under the old-age pension act in England. The highest pension is five shillings a week. It will cost the government about $35,000,000 annually.

Zion City stock is worth about twenty-five cents on the dollar, that is what the receiver will pay to the stock holders. Many persons in good circumstances financially parted with their funds in Dowie's venture, and are now penniless.

Corn was the most valuable farm product in the United States last year, the total value being $1,616,145,000. The winter and spring wheat crops had a total value of $616,826,000. The value of the oats was $381,171,000; of hay, $635,423,000; of potatoes, $197,039,000.

The total of gifts and bequests during 1908 was $90,932,000. In 1907 it was $149,902,130. In 1906, $106,281,063. Last year educational institutions received $36,552,039; charities, $39,729,961; libraries, $834,500; museums, gallleries, and public improvements, $9,401,631.

Forty-one states and three foreign countries are represented at Smith College this year. There are 381 Congregationalists, 297 Episcopalians, 219 Presbyterians, 112 Unitarians, 62 Catholics, 12 Christian Scientists and 12 members of the Jewish Church. The total number is 1482.

On the foot-ball field during 1908, 18 persons were killed and 313 injured. In base-ball 39 were killed and 58 seriously injured. Fourth of July celebrations cost 103 lives and 2,812 injuries. The total number of sporting and holiday casualties was 368 killed and 3,820 injured.

The losses by fire—exclusive of forest fires—in the United States during 1908 approximated $172,000,000 Michigan sustained a loss of $50,000,000 in forest fires, Wisconsin $10,000,000; Minnesota $10,000,000; Pennsylvania $1,250,000; Texas, $1,000,000; New York, $643,000; Maine, $500,000; Washington, $250,000; Colorado, $115,000; South Dakota, $100,000.

The homicides in the United States for 1908 numbered 8,952, an increase of 240 over 1907. The murders by highwaymen and thugs were 101 more than they were in 1907. Through quarrels the number was 4,842; jealousy 673; liquor 786; infantcide 451; insanity 152; resisting arrest 195; riots 51; strikes 26; criminal outrage 15: self-defense 35; unknown 816.

More money was embezzled in 1908 than in 1907, the amount being $13,555,536. More than two-thirds of this was by bank officials and employes. Ten bank presidents, 28 cashiers, 11 bank clerks and 4 brokers made way with $10,085,472. Public officials, agents, forgers, loan associations managers and ordinary clerks got $3,500,000. Thirty of the fifty-two embezzling financiers committed suicide.

In England total abstinence is not near so prevalent among the clergy of the Established Church as it is among the Free Church ministers. A recent traveler says: "Were I to summarize my impressions gathered from the frequenting of public restaurants and railway refreshment rooms, I think I should say that it is the exception to see the Anglican clergyman who is not taking his glass of wine, his glass of beer or even something stronger."

During 1908, 330 persons were killed in automobile accidents, and 1,714 injured. In 1907 the killed numbered 324 and the injured 1,244. Last year New York led in the number killed—42. In that city the injured numbered 109. In Chicago the figures were 22 killed and 156 injured. In San Francisco 9 were killed and 16 injured; in Oakland the figures were respectively 2 and 14; in Seattle 3 and 20; in Spokane 2 and 5; in Los Angeles 3 and 10; in Salt Lake 1 and 5; in Fresno 1 and 3.

The number of suicides in 1908 was nearly twice what it was in 1899—10,852 for 1908, and 5,340 for 1899. Year by year suicides increase. The number in 1907 was 10,782. The records for last year show 7,862 males and 2,988 females. Physicians headed the list of the professions, the number being 42 . On the 1908 list were 14 clergymen, 2 artists, 3 actors, 1 architect, 4 musicians, and 14 lawyers. Causes were: Despondency, 5,318; insanity, 810; domestic infelicity, 776; disappointed love, 519; ill health, 718; business losses, 632; liquor, 536; unknown, 1,541.

A writer in the New York Post says that New York is not in so sick a condition politically, socially, and commercially, as San Francisco was in 1906, "yet no man with eyes to see and ears to hear would deny that something is radically wrong. Every time an investigating body of any sort gets to work scratching the surface ever so little, a condition of rottenness is discovered. No matter how fair the exterior, a little probing brings to light infection of the most virulent character." The Citizen's Union has selected William Jay Schiefflin as the man to lead in a thorough cleansing.

More miles of railroad were built in Montana last year than in any other state—537. Washington is next in order

with 363. In California there were 314; in Oregon 79; in Idaho, 164; in Nevada 81. The Southern Pacific added 448 miles divided among the states of California, Oregon and New Mexico. There was considerable construction in the South: in Virginia 168 miles; in Texas 165; in Arkansas 176; in Louisiana 110; in Tennessee 93; in North Carolina 70; in Georgia 95. The 1908 record, 3,214 miles, is the smallest since 1904, when 3,832 miles were built. In 1907 the total was 5,212. The construction in 1908 has brought the total mileage up to 231,342.

A thousand shares of stock in a brewing company has come to a church in Cincinnati by the will of a woman lately deceased. The Religious Telescope remarks: "With the present rate of depreciation in such values, it is not likely that the church will be tainted seriously with its income; but the principle involved is again forced upon the American public. It is one thing to receive money for religious purposes which has been made dishonestly, and to sanction ungodly means of gaining wealth in order to secure it for the work of the church." If that church makes any use of that bequest it should be by disposing of the stock, and thus discountenancing the business.

More than $10,000,000 were expended in 1908 in the construction of Y. M. C. A. buildings. The most expensive building was the Central in Philadelphia, which cost $1,043,000. Next was the Central in Baltimore, which cost $640,000. The third was the Los Angeles building on which was expended $600,000. The new Dayton, Ohio, building cost $542,000. Buildings are now under construction, which will cost in the aggregate $9,000,000. Among these is the San Francisco building which will cost about $750,000. There were three $100,000 gifts to the Y. M C. A. in 1908. John G. Shedd gave $100,000 to Chicago L. L. Smith $100,000 to Plattsburg, New York, and Hiram P. Oliver $100,000 to Bangor, Maine. The gift to the Plattsburg Association was toward an endowment.

Among the provisions of a new saloon law which went into effect in Louisiana the first of the year are the following: "That a combined saloon and grocery shall be conducted without a partition between. That liquor licenses shall not be issued to a woman or a girl . That no woman, girl or minor shall serve in a barrroom. That licenses shall not be issued to foreigners and residents of other states. That pianos and musical devices shall be barred from barrooms. That an officer of a brewery or distillery or even a stockholder, shall not be permitted to obtain barroom licenses. That those financially interested in a brewery or distillery shall not have any interest in a barroom or even in the lease of the premises thereof.'

Heretofore the Roman Catholic Church has done its work largely in cities. - Now it is about to inaugurate a campaign of aggressive work all over the country, in all important towns. The St. Louis Christian Advocate comments as follows: "If Protestantism is to maintain its ascendency in this country it must be up and doing. The Catholic priest has no family ties. He lives on a salary which would not maintain a family. He goes where he is sent, and the Hierarchy of the United States overlooks the entire field and sends him to the place where, in its judgment, he will be most useful . With a grip-sack of clothing, he leaves one appointment for another, without the slightest anxiety with regard to the future, for he knows that his needs will be provided for by those who send him. The marvelous organization of the Catholic Church in this country enables it to accomplish results that cannot possibly be attained by forces less well organized, and hence the danger to Protestantism and its institutions. Heretofore, this has been a Protestant country; how long it will remain so rests with the Protestants themselves."

THE CONVENTIONALIZED CHRIST AND THE REAL CHRIST.

John Wright Buckham.

One of the surest ways to debase a high and worthy possession is to conventionalize it. Conventional morality, conventional religion, conventional society—dreary and disheartening parodies are they all. No good thing escapes the conventionalizing genuis of humanity and the nobler is the object the sadder the debasement. No more dimal product of the conventionalizing habit obscures the vision of its original than the conventionalized Christ. With its life less lineaments we are all more or less familiar so familiar that it is difficult to thrust it so far aside that some of its features do not still blend with the true face of the Master.

This conventional figure of Christ has been manufactured by slow processes and by many hands. Theology, of a scholastic type, has had much to do in fashioning it. Churchism, striving to use Christ for its own selfish ends, has left its unhallowed mark upon it. Worldliness has diligently lent its hand to the task of reducing the real Christ to an impotent and posturing parody. Together they have succeeded in creating what is little better than caricature of the real Christ, made up of abnormal qualities, unreal virtues, undivine attributes ignoring real obligations, and making unreasonable exactions, issuing unnatural warnings and unethical promises—a Christ who can neither be understood, nor reverenced, nor loved.

The part which the Church has had in this process has grown out of its double desire to confer the benefits of salvation upon others, and at the same time to benefit itself by inducing men to "accept Christ" as a means of securing soul safety. Has not the Christ thus presented been too often a mere impersonal device, the principle factor in the "plan of salvation," a plank thrown out to perishing humanity by which to reach the shore? The Church has given the impression sometimes that it has no higher conception of its mission than that of an Eternal Life Insurance Society, of which God is the President, the ministry the agents, Christ the premium and Heaven the death benefit. The times of this ignorance God has winked at with wondrous forbearance, but now calls upon us all to repent, and to seek Christ for his own Sake, as Himself not only the Way, but the Truth and the Life. The temptation to conventionality and cant will always attend religion and will always attack to thought and speech about Christ. But the true man and true Christian will be on guard against mere formal and insincere thought and utterance concerning the Master, knowing that every time he deals thus with his Master he helps to substitute the dreary figure of the Conventionalized Christ for the Living Lord.

How then may this modern idolatry be exterminated from our Israel the meaningless and misleading image powdered to dust, and strewn upon the waters of oblivion,

the conventionalized Christ removed and the true Christ recovered? First, by going back to the Gospels and restoring the living, loving, fadeless Christ of history,—simple and human in his individuality, but illimitable and eternal in his personality. We must walk again with Him in Galilee and Judea if we would know and keep the true Christ. Nor is this all. We must seek also the Eternal Christ within, into whose timeless image Jesus of Nazareth so perfectly blends, filling out its dim outlines with his faultless character and resplendent implications. And this true Christ we can truly know not only as we contemplate Him with highest thoughtfulness and deepest reverence, but also as we do the will of His Father and ours by obeying His commandments.

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MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL RE-EDUCATION.

A New Year Sermon Inspired by the Emmanual Movement.

Romans 12: 2 "And be not fashioned according to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.

As we stand once more before the mystery and opportunity of another year I bring you these heroic words of St. Paul. "And be not fashioned according to this world but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.' This text contains two parts; the first is a call to action and the second shows the way to answer the call effectively the first is a call to enter a door into a larger life, and the second gives into our keeping the key that shall unlock the door.

First of all, then, let us listen to this high summons as it rings clear and strong across the centuries: "And be not fashioned according to this present world, but be ye transformed! Here is hope! Here is something to put new life into weary hearts! We can be transformed! We need not be fashioned according to this present world. We can rise above the bondage of our environment and in spite of the handicap of our heredity!

When we turn to the world of science we find this text illustrated over and over again. The great discovery of modern science is the evolutionary process, and the story of evolution is the story of how life has risen to higher and higher forms. There is in the process of evolutionary development a marvelous power to assume higher forms, and to re-make or overcome a hostile environment. The history of the plants and the animals, as revealed by science, is simply the record of how living forms seem to have heard and obeyed a voice which said: "Be not fashioned according to this present world, but seek a higher and fuller life . And be not bound to the limits handed down by your ancestors but be transformed into something finer and better."

History is another illustration of this text. Nations and civilizations have risen and flourished, or they have weakened and gone down, according as they have or have not obeyed the spirit of these words. The nations that have conquered have not been content with their environment. but have sought in every way to improve it. They have built houses to live in and ships to sail the sea. They have drained the swamps and tunneled the mountains, they have made great roads through the forests and have brought water from the distant mountains to their cities. They have acted as if some great inner power was urging them: "Be not fashioned according to this present world. Be not the slaves of your environment. If necessary, pull down the mountains and bridge the seas in order to change your environment." Neither have the great civilizations of the world been content with their inheritance from the past. No great civilization has ever been wholly in the grasp of its heredity! A few years ago we thought China was an example of a great civilization hopelessly bound by heredity but we see today great forces at work, which show that even China is no exception to the universal law. The great nations of the world have been always workingtheir w toward some better form of government, some more exact justice, some purer faith than they inherited from their fathers. It is as if the nations had heard a great voice calling unto them. "Be not bound in the moulds and forms of the past, but ye transformed into something nobler and higher."

What is this power that comes into plants and animals, into nations and civilization and urges them onward to higher and better goals of living? What is this hidden power that is able to rise above and transform environment and to push beyond the limits of heredity. I call this power God. And I read this message in the outer world of science and history:—No environment is final, there is power which, if rightly laid hold of, can lift beyond the environment or change and overcome it! No heredity is final, there is a power which, if only laid hold of, can lift above even the high tide mark of the generations that have gone before. And I read also this warning:—This power can be neglected. Life can not only reach upward and onward by evolution—it can take the other course and take the downward path of reversion. To fail to make proper connections with this great power is to move downward and not up, to go back and not forward. here are degenerate plants and animals and nations that prove the danger of the tragedy.

The call that comes to us, therefore, as individauls today is: "Be not fashioned according to this present world, do not be the mere reflection of your environment. Lay hold on that unseen power which enables you to rise above your environment, aye to even change the environment itself. However dreary, however discouraged, however disagreeable, however unsympathetic, however selfish, however bitter, however sinful this present world in which you find yourself may be—be not fashioned according to it! And, however bad or however good, however degrading or however uplifting the influences which come into your life from heredity may be—do not be content to rest on the level of the past but be transformed into something nobler and higher."

And this is no idle call to attempt the impossible. There is power close to you at your very hand. You have need only to lay hold on it and use it.

But how? How lay hold of this power to rise to better things? This brings us to the second and very practical part of our text. "And be not fashioned according to this present world, but be ye transformed"—How—"by the renewing of your mind," says Paul. The key to unlock the door into this larger life is the key of thought! It is written in the book of Proverbs: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The message of this text is "As a man thinketh in his heart, SO SHALL HE BE!" The way to lay hold on this great unseen power that can transform our lives is through the renewing of our mind!

This element in our text is, it seems to me, receiving new light and emphasis in our own day. In the book, "Religion and Medicine" and in various magazine articles Dr. Worcester of the Emmanuel movement lays great emphasis on what he calls "psychic re-education." One illustration of what is meant by re-education may be found

in the case of locomotor ataxia. This disease involes a loss of control of certain muscles, say of the arms or legs, not through and difficulty with the muscles themselves, but through the degeneration of certain portions of the spinal cord and consequent interruption of their nerve, or telegraph wire, to the motor centers of the brain. This disease has been considered incurable, and indeed it still is, so far as replacing the portions of the spinal cord which have degenerated is concerned.

But it has been found possible to educate another set of nerves to control the action of the arms or the legs as the case may be, that is the patient may be taught to send the messages of control from the brain over another line of telegraph wires. With practice this power of control increases. This teaching of another set of nerves to do the work of a set of nerves which has been broken is called "motor re-education."

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Another example is in the helping of people who suffer from various manias or delusions. For example there are people who are afraid to be alone. These people are cured by a process of re-education. They are given a reasonable account of their difficulty and of their part in overcoming it. They are encouraged just to go into an adjoining room alone for the briefest errand. Then to go for a longer period. Then to ride in a street car with a companion in another seat. Then with a companion in another car. And so step by step they are re-educated into a new confidence and the old fear passes away.

A similar process of re-education is involved in the treatment of various nervous disorders. The curability of the disease is explained to the patient. Through suggestion he is helped and stimulated. He is given various auto-suggestions which he can use on going to sleep or whenever alone. He is urged to direct his thoughts in certain directions and not to allow them to go in certain other directions. Every thing that is possible is done to replace fear by trust, and depression by courage, and new interests and activities outside himself are developed. Out of this process of er-education comes a new type of thought and new health.

As we turn back to our text, "And be not fashioned according to this present world but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind" does it not come very clearly that the problems of living a nobler truer life during the coming year is after all a problem of the renewing of our mind, a problem of mental and spiritual re-education?

And so I wish to suggest, along the lines indicated in the Emmanuel Movement, how we may set about this process of mental and spiritual re-education.

1. Having chosen the-i--they z z z z z z z

1. First of all I think the first of the year is a good time for each one of us to take account of stock, to look ourselves over quite candidly and impartially (so far as we may?) and decide along what lines we are especially in need of re-education. I take it for granted we are all humble people who from time to time deeply realize our shortcomings of temperament or of character and grieve over them. The practical message I bring you is that these short comings are not immutable, that by a process of re-education we can go a long ways in overcoming them. It is necessary, therefore, to realize just what our greatest needs are and then decide to concentrate our efforts at re-education there. Your particular weakness may be a quick temper, a struggle against some appetite or passion, a feeling of depression or gloom, a too easy giving way to discouragement, or some form of sickness or ill health.

2. Having chosen the department of your personality most in need of re-education and determined to enter seriupon the process, the next step would be, I believe, to systematically concentrate your attention and effort in life on some higher level. It is almost worse than useless to say to anyone: "Don't be ill tempered" or "Don't give way to your appetites or passions" or "Dont be gloomy or discouraged," or "Don't be sick." It will help some, in many cases it will help a great deal for the person himself to say, "I won't be cross," "I won't lose my self-control" or "I wont be discouraged or "I wont be sick."

But even this resolution of the person himself is not enough. There needs to be not only the negative action—the putting away of the old bad habit or state of mind, but there needs to be the positive side—the committing of oneself to the higher and better habit or state of mind. This is the trouble with the most New Year's resolutions. They are more engaged with the swearing off than swearing on! They only too often illustrate the truth of Jesus' story of the demon that was cast out of a man—by New Year's resolution possibly—and who after wandering in many desolate and desert places returned—about the first of February possibly—and finding his house swept and garnished took unto himself seven other devils more terrible than himself and entered in so that the last state of that man was worse than the first!

What do I mean by concentrating the attention on higher levels? Let me illustrate very concretely: Suppose you are re-educating against a bad temper: Then not only try to control your temper, but make it a point to be pleasant and kindly even to the telephone girl! And if you lose yourself in a fit of temper, take the first opportunity to make atonement for it by some kindly and self-sacrificing deed. Or if you would overcome some appetite or passion, do not brood over it, do not lose all hope if you fall now and again before temptation, but turn all the more earnestly to cultivate some high and pure interest in life, like music, or athletics or the taking of long walks out of doors. Or if you would fight fear or discouragement, try to lose yourself in some interest outside the petty circle of your own personal welfare.

You know how a woman who would be afraid to stay in a house alone will not fear if she has a little child with her. Is the child any protection? No, but it is a protection from morbid and self-centered thinking. It is so in life. The surest way out of fear is to try to protect someone else. The soldier is brave because he is fighting for flag and fatherland. And the surest way out of discouragement is to center attention not on your own successes or defeats but on the doing of something to help the world. Or if it is ill health you would overcome. It is not enough to say "I will not be sick" though that is more than we think. You must go further and instead of thinking of your pain or your ailments think of the sunset and the beautiful hills, think of all the things that are beautiful and fair, and strive according to the measure of your strengh and opportunity to by word and deed bring good cheer to all around you, even to the nurses in the hospital if you should be so ill as to need treatment there.

3. Beyong this centering of our volutary attention on higher things, this use of will power, I believe that we can use suggestion and particularly auto-suggestion in our mental and spiritual re-education. I believe it will pay one and the busier and more tried he is the more it will pay him, to take some time each day to relax all his muscles, to lie back comfortably in some chair, and then putting all

the concerns of the day aside to make to that deeper subconscious intelligence that so profoundly controls our lives some very simple and positive suggestions. Each one can frame the most useful suggestion for himself, but I might give a few to illustrate what I mean. Say quietly, or even silently, "I am going to be true to my better self. I am master of my ship, and captain of my soul, and I am going to do nothing of which I would be ashamed. There is nothing in this world to fear, I am going to be self controlled and happy and cheery. I am God's child and I am not going to worry over any temporary defeats, for I know He cannot be permanently defeated." Some such simple creed of good cheer repeated over and over again to oneself in a time of quite and relaxation will help more than you imagine to keep the skies blue and life serene.

4. And if in this time of quiet and of relaxation a man should open his heart to God? What if at this time a man should take opportunity to talk over the day and its events with his Heavenly Father? What if he should not beseige the citadel of heaven with insistent petition or with formal phrases, but just simply and quietly and naturally, as a little child, share his best and worst with God, and say, "O Father I am but a feeble and imperfect instrument, but I am thine and do thou sound something of Thy perfect music through me. I want to be a more worthy child of Thine, do Thou tomorrow and the days that follow tomorrow lead me in Thy way and send me forth to do Thy work. Make me brave because Thou art with me, make me patient as Thou art patient, and make me loving, as Thou art the very heart of love, and help me to be growing year by year more like Jesus Christ.

Suppose a man prayed like that, quietly and simply every day with his body at rest and his mind at peace, what would happen? I will tell you what I think would happen—I think that so he would open his life for the power of the Almighty to enter in and strengthen him. I think he would have found the road to physical health, the secret of courage and the path to joy!

"Let us then labor for an inward stillness—
An inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits
That we may do His will and do that only."

ALBERT W. PALMER.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR JAN. 24

Life Lessons from the Book of Genesis. (Gen. 1:1-8, 26-31.)

Henry Kendall Booth.

No book in the old Testament has exercised a profounder influence on Christian thought than Genesis. Teaching as it does the deepest truths in the form of story, its lessons, like those of the parables of Jesus, have taken hold upon both reason and imagination, and thus have left an enduring impress upon character and life. Thus comprehended as a series of marvelous narratives, true to the facts of human nature and experience, and thus of eternal value to men; the book conveys at once and directly its messages of warning and inspiration. It is only when we seek to interpret Genesis as scientific history, that we become involved in the mazes of doubt, discussion and controversy. Such a wealth of material does Genesis offer that it will only be possible to select a few of its great stories, and see what messages they contain that have a vital content and a present application.

The book opens with the majestic story of creation in Chapter 1., which is really a great epic poem. It is one of the world's great classics, but its value is more than literary. For here first is enunciated the sublime thought of the divine creation of the world. "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth." Thus simply is stated the fundamental fact of the divine authorship of the universe. With all our philosophy, we have never been able to surpass that first verse of Genesis. And in this age when a materialistic science would rule God out of his world we need to hold fast to the lesson of this chapter.

The third chapter presents us with the narrative of the Fall, than which there is no more marvelous story in all literature. How it grips the attention from its opening words. And behind its strange figures are truths of eternal moment. The author's problem was to present the entrance of sin into the world. He chose as his medium story and not philosophy, and the wisdom of his choice is manifest in the influence this chapter has exerted on the thought of the world. With wondrous skill and profound knowledge of human nature he tells the story of man's temptation and fall. And what profound lessons it clearly conveys—that each man dwells in an Eden-garden in his youthful days of innocence, a place where happiness abides and God walks in the cool shadows; that with all this happiness man is still a responsible being upon whom God lays certain commands; that temptation must come even in Eden, and comes with a great show of wisdom, and an appeal to our whole nature; that sin is the choice of the lower instead of the higher things, and that its essence is selfishness; that the punishment for sin is expulsion from the Eden of innocence into a bad and cruel world, but that even in this punishment God's care and love are still manifest and through the discipline of pain and hardship man may yet be enabled through God to conquer evil and sin.

The succeeding stories are none of them so rich in spiritual lessons as this, and yet each has its contribution to our life. The Abraham stories teach us how God calls each of us to a high mission, and how plentifully he will reward us of we in faith accept his call and fulfill His mission for our lives.

The Jacob stories present to us that one who is the prototype of Israel. Selfish, crafty, shrewd, ambitious, unscrupulous, he yet becomes under the Divine moulding possessed of a faith in God that made of him a different man. From Bethel he learned God's glory, from Peniel God's power, and from both God's love.

The Joseph stories are the most beautiful in the Bible. The character of Joseph is perfect. Earnest, pure, imaginative as a youth; faithful, capable, modest, gentle as a man—he is the ideal Israelite. And the romantic story of his rise from slavery to power enthralls us as we read.

These are but a few of the many life-lessons from Genesis . Let the leader of this meeting request each member to come prepared to set forth briefly some lesson learned from this book and the meeting should be helpful and profitable to all.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The Rev. C. R. Brown will speak at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday on 'Days in Russia." The meeting will be in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

ADESSA JARVIS FERRIER.

Adessa J. Ferrier, wife of W. W. Ferrier and mother of Warren Ferrier, passed into the life beyond from her home in Berkeley Saturday evening, January 9, 1909, aged 48 years, 11 months and 9 days.

For nearly twenty-eight years he who writes these lines had her loving companionship. All her days were beautiful and helpful.

Early last year a much dreaded malady laid hold of her, which was known to less than a half dozen persons outside her home until a few days after Christmas, when she was no longer able to go out.

A braver battle was never made against disease—all the resources and strength of will being brought to the aid of the skillful surgeon's knife and the medicines which were ably and lovingly prescribed and administered.

Such was her faith, and such her life, that in the days when the last rays of hope had vanished she could say with the poet, as beside the Silent Sea she waited the muffled oar,

"No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

Monday of this week, in accordance with her request, the body was cremated, and so loved ones have the pleasant thought that it never was and never will be other than it was when they looked for the last time on her face as she lay in her casket—for only the pure ashes remain.

Beautiful and tender were the words which the Rev. Walter Frear spoke of her that day in the home in the service which he conducted, assisted by the Rev. Harry R. Miles

Readers of The Pacific can never know how her life entered into the work which the present writer has done as editor and manager for the last twelve years—back of it and through it all was the sweetness and strength of a home, the maker of which had in a marked manner the womanly virtues.

"There are more lives yet, there are more worlds waiting,
For the way climbs up to the eldest sun,
Where the white ones go to their mystic mating,
And the Holy Will is done.

"I shall find you there where our low life heightens—
Where the door of the Wonder again unbars,
Where the old love lures and the old fire whitens,
In the Stars behind the stars."

WILLIAM S. AMENT, D.D.

The news of the death of Dr. W. S. Ament of China in Lane Hospital, San Francisco, on Jan. 6, will come with painful surprise to many readers of The Pacific. His strenuous service since the Boxer outbreak in 1900 undermined his health, and for the last six months he has been trying to combat the disease which was sapping his life. As a last resort he was brought to his homeland in hopes that the rest of the voyage and the skill of able physicians might do what could not be accomplished in China. But the quest was vain. He failed seriously on the voyage and was past the possibility of aid from medicine or surgery when he arrived in San Francisco on December 25. After thirteen days of the most careful attention by Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and his corps of skillful surgeons, he passed quietly into the larger life. The autopsy disclosed a widely extended abcess on the brain, which finally induced meningitis and caused his death. His body was taken for burial to Owasso, Mich., by his wife and son.

Dr. Ament had won a large place in the affections and confidence of his fellow missionaries and of the American Board. His thirty-two years of service in the remaking of China are a contribution of unusual ability and devotion to a noble cause. No man in China did more faithful and efficient work after the Boxer uprising in adjusting the difficulties between the surviving native Christians and their despoilers. Through criticism and misunderstanding he held to his efforts and won not only a triumphant vindication of his purposes and methods in this country, but the abiding friendship and esteem of the Chinese.

The restored and increased membership of the Chinese churches in Peking and vicinity, the large constituency of interested and loyal friends outside the churches are abundant testimony of the quality and success of his ministry.

His loss will be deeply felt by the Board and the vacancy he leaves in an important field is a challenge to the devotion of the homeland churches, not only to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into the harvest but to have a generous part themselves in answering their own prayers.

H. M. T.

FRANK M. ADAMS.

Frank M., oldest son of Rev. Geo. C. and Mrs. M. L. Adams, died in the early morning of Jan. 8th, after years of patient suffering. He was aged 31 years and 9 months. The funeral service were conducted on Saturday, Jan. 9th, by Rev. I. C. Meserve, D.D., and interment made in the family lot in Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

LOVE AND REST.

The day was dull and drenched and cold,
Full half a year from June—
Was this the garden where, of old,
The birds sang late and soon?

Gray mists, more desolate than rain,
Hung low o'er borders bare;
Would ever roses bloom again,
Or sunbeams linger there?

All life seemed prisoned far apart
From light and joy and sun,
Yet, though in bonds, my drooping heart
Still prayed, "His will be done!"

But, sudden, from a laurel spray,
There came a gift of cheer—
A robin's joyous roundelay,
Full, sorrowless and clear,

"His will be done!" "God's will is love,"
He sang, "and love is rest;
Through mist below or clouds above
His ways are always best."

"God's will is love!" Doubt breathed farewell,
Forebodings ceased control,
Anr, soft as April snowflakes, fell
The shackles from my soul.

His will is love, and love is rest,
Come mist, come rain or sun,
God chooses all—from east to west—
His will, his love be done!

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Richmond.—At the Christmas service, Dec. 27, six persons were received by letter, and three on confession.

Monrovia.—Six persons united with the church at the recent communion, making 56 received since the Rev. A. E. Johnson took charge.

San Francisco, First.—The First Church, San Francisco, has so far recovered, and has made such gains in the last year, that the trustees have added $500 to the pastor's salary, making it $4,500 from Jan. 1st.

Los Angeles, East.—The Rev. F. E. Dell has resigned and has accepted a call from the church at Grass Valley where he was for four years several years ago. The church regretfully accepts his resignation.

Los Angeles, West End.—The Rev. F. A. Field has presented his resignation, which he wishes to take effect the first of April. Excellent work has been done by Mr. Field; the people are greatly attached to him, and if the resignation is accepted it will be only reluctantly.

Los Angeles, Salem.—The Rev. J. Herbert Thompson has presented his resignation and will give himself largely to evangelistic work, in which he has had extensive experience. During Mr. Thompson's pastorate in the Salem Church there have been many conversions and additions on confession.

Auburn.—Annual meeting held last week. Church in good condition financially and spiritually. Sunday one united on confession and one by letter and several others to follow soon. The congregation presented the pastor with $35 on his 25th birthday at a large surprise party. We look forward to a very prosperous year.

Glen Ellen.—At the annual business meeting of our church there were some encouraging reports. The total beneficence for the year amounted to $104.10. The Sunday-school and Young People's Society have supported a student at Bitlis, Armenia. The Sunday-school has also extended its usefulness by organizing a Home Department and a Cradle Roll. The Ladies' Aid Society deserves much credit for the faithful and effective service rendered during the past year.

Campbell.—The Christian Endeavor recently gave a "Social of Days," each one bringing a calendar picture. These are to be sent to the hospitals in Harpoot, Turkey. Two things made the evening most enjoyable. The pastor's brother, Dr. H. H. Atkinson, was present and gave an interesting talk on "Games in Armenia and Courting Customs in the Orient." Then the pastor's wife and Mrs. Dr. Atkinson came in dressed in full Turkish costume. Some of the young people were puzzled to know who the strangers were. Last Sunday night the pastor gave another story service. Two joined at last communion.

Sacramento.—Splendid reports were made from all departments at the recent annual meeting. The pastor has begun a new series of sermons on "Corners and Crises in Life," intended for young and old alike, to be delivered fortnightly. The following will be the entire series: January 10, "Crises and Character;" January 24, "Heredity and Home Training;" February 7, "School Days;" February 21, "The Force of Habit;" March 7, "Companionships;" March 21, "Ambitions and Ideals;" April 4, "Selecting an Occupation;" April 18, "Choosing a Husband or Wife;" May 2, "The First Success or Failure;" May 16, "Joining a Church;" May 30, "Serving the Master."

Saratoga.—The Saratoga Congregational church held its annual meeting Dec. 30th. Written reports from all departments showed thorough work done during the year. 17 were received to membership during the year: 14 on confession; of these, 12 were Japanese, the result of mission school work by Miss Sarah Brown. All bills were paid. The benevolences for the year ran over $700, being a hundred dollars in excess of any previous year. At the close of the meeting the pastor was called forward and about $140 in gold was put into his hands to replace horse, carriage and harness lost in the recent burning of the parsonage barn.

Beckwith.—Died: in Beckwith, Cal., Dec. 30, 1908, Mrs. Jennie Mathews, aged 30 years. The hearts of the workers in the little church at Beckwith were very sad, when on Sunday last, they lead away their dear friend. Although a member of the First Congregational Church of Reno, her heart was with us in every good work, and one more willing and faithful we never had. She was laid to rest under a mound of beautiful flowers, testifying to the great love and respect which all who knew her felt for her.

"Warm summer sun shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind blow softly here;
Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
Good night, dear heart, good night! good night!"

Oakland, Fourth.—Four united with the church at the last communion—two on confession of faith. The annual meeting, held last Thursday evening, was well attended and brought to light the record of a successful year in church work. Notwithstanding the unexpected necessity of raising additional money for street work the amount has been forthcoming, and the reports from the different departments indicate faithfulness and progress. Especially encouraging was the report of Mrs. W. C. McLure, secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society, which revealed a splendid financial standing of that organization and places it among the dependable resources of the church. The Sunday-school has an enrollment of 250 and new members join us at every communion service.

Campbell.—One of the features of our Christmas exercises was a talk by Dr. H. H. Atkinson of Turkey, who told the children of the Chritmas customs in Turkey. Dr. Atkinson also gave a stereopticon talk on his work; and the the life and customs in the Orient The slides are made from his own pictures and are very interesting. Churches desiring Dr. Atkinson to give this talk should write either Secretary H. M. Tenney, Berkeley, or Dr. H. H. Atkinson, Campbell, where the Dr. will have his headquarters for the next three months. The Pastor received on Christmas a beautiful grand initialed and illuminated Mss. Bible in Ancient Armenian, antedating the days of printing. Our church received two new members January 3. Our Week of Prayer will be observed the week preceding Easter instead of Jan. 4-10.

Ceres.—A year in the new church in Ceres was reviewed in the reports of the officers of the church at their annual meeting, Jan. 6th. Twenty have been received into membership of the church. The new church all paid for and dedicated. A senior Endeavor Society organized and developing into a healthy condition . A Junior Endeavor has had meetings the most of the year with splendid results. The Sunday-school, under the excellent supervision of Amos Hiatt, has been growing. A Baraca class of boys organized. The Woman's Missionary Auxiliary has all the women members of the church in its membership and has raised sixty dollars for missions. The Woman's Association has had large attendance at socials and thereby welcoming strangers and making the atmosphere genial and homelike for everyone. Evening services have been inaugurated with a measure of encouragement, while the morning attendance at church has been increasing. The indications are that a parsonage, so much needed, will soon be under way.

Oakland, Plymouth.—This church held its annual meeting on Wednesday evening, Jan. 6th. The meeting was preceded by a supper served without charge by the ladies of the church, and one hundred and eighty of the members and friends of Plymouth Church were seated at the beautifully decorated tables. The reports of the year's work were most encouraging and interesting. The report of the clerk showed 52 accessions during the year, of which 21 were on confession of faith, and six dismissals. This brings the membership of the church up to 172. A very interesting feature of the meeting was the presence of the Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, the new assistant pastor of the First Congregational Church, who, nineteen years ago in the side room of a saloon a few blocks away founded the Sunday-school out of which Oak Chapel grew. The present Plymouth Church is the result of the union of Oak Chapel with Plymouth Avenue Church some three years ago. Dr. McLean and Rev. Miles B. Fisher were also present as guests of honor. On Sunday morning the first steps were taken toward raising $780 to make possible the rebuilding of the historic old organ which this church possesses. Pledges to the amount of $448 were received at once and the total amount is expected by another Sunday. This organ came around the Horn in 1861 and was the first pipe organ of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—The annual business meeting was held Thursday evening, December 31st, in the new Sunday-school and social rooms which proved to be admirably adapted for a gathering of this kind. The annual supper was served at 6:30, and about 125 members and friends enjoyed the good things prepared by the Mayflower ladies who are noted for the excellence of their menus. After supper and while seated at the tables the reports from the various departments of church work were read; all showed a gratifying growth with splendid encouragement for the coming year . The Sunday-school reported the largest membership, collections, and benevolences in its history. The benevolences of the church were also the largest in its history, aggregating $1103, and divided as follows: A. B. C. F. M., $531; C. Ed. Society, $19; C. C. B. S., $56; C. H. M. S., $255; A. M.A., $75; S. S. P. S., $11; M. A. S.,$21. Other $130 The Sunday-school annex, erected the past year at a cost of about $8,000, is 50x64 feet, and two full stories, with a deep basement It contains a beautiful chapel 35x35 feet, ladies' parlor 24x24, ladies' dressing room, a large completely appointed kitchen, gentlemen's coat-room, library, and some fifteen large class-rooms, every one an outside room with windows set with buff tinted glass, making the light especially soft and restful to the eyes; the class-rooms were furnished by the teachers and classes, and contain chairs, rug, table, blackboard, maps, pictures, etc. Our visitors who have inspected this building are delighted with it, some of them pronouncing it the best arranged and most complete Sunday-school plant they have seen.

North Berkeley.—As has been the custom for some years with the North Berkeley Congregational Church, the anunual business meeting held Wednesday evening, Jan. 3, 1909, in the Parlors of the church, was preceded by the annual dinner. The ladies of the church served some two hundred of the members and a very enjoyable hour was spent in sociability and in partaking of the repast so generously provided by the ladies. After the dinner, at the request of the pastor Rev. Henry K. Booth, our former pastor, Rev. L. D. Rathbone opened the business meeting with prayer. Reports were read from all departments of church work, without exception. These reports showed in most cases a healthy condition of things and that propress had been made during the year. The church has been particularly strong in it's contributions to benevolences outside of it's own field, having given something like a valuation of twelve hundred and fifty dollars; about one thousand in money and the balance in contributed articles sent off in missionary boxes. The report of the trustees showed an increase in the envelope subscriptions and collections of four hundred dollars over that of the previous year. The report showed that while this was true our expenses had also increased. But in spite of increased expenses and the stress of the hard times that has been upon us, we have about held our own, financially, during the year. The pastors report showed an increase in the church attendance, especially in the mid-week meetings, the average there being about sixty. The average at the main services was about two hundred. During the year the Sunday-school hour has been changed to precede the morning service. The Sunday-school work has also been changed from the study of the International Sunday-school Lesson to a graded course of Bible Study, which has proven to be the most acceptable and beneficial to scholars and teachers. The church is looking forward to the completing of their church building and at the suggestion of the Board of Trustees, it was voted that a Building Committee of five be appointed by the Pastor to begin work toward that end. Under the leadership of it's beloved Pastor, the church looks forward at the beginning or the new year to an increased growth in all directions and to an increased usefulness in the community in which it has it's home.

WASHINGTON.

Rev. C. F. Clarke, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle.

Bayview, Seattle.—Without missing a single Sunday since leaving Port Gamble, Mr. Elwell has had preaching appointments.. He has recently taken charge of the work at this point, having erected a little cottage on his lot about mile and a quarter from the Church. The Endeavor society had a social at the new home of the pastor on December 11. The attendance at all service is very gratifying.

Tacoma.—The First Church has taken the leadership in raising enough money to carry its Home Missionary work by pledging one thousand dollars toward the twelve hundred needed. This is a step the whole state will rejoice in as it is one more advance toward self support in 1909.

Pilgrim, the new work on the north side has called a recognizing council for Jan. 13th. Plymouth expects to occupy its new building for the first time Dec. 27. We hope for a description of Church and exercises soon. Rev. H. B. Hendley and his faithful people have worked hard to accomplish this and have bravely overcome many obstacles.

Port Gamble.—At the request or command of the manager of the mill company owning the town, the pastorate of Rev. T. Robert Elwell closed on the first of Sept. The efficient S. S.Superintendent, Mr. J. C. Wilson, has held a service of song, reading a sermon of some famous divine, each Sunday evening. He reports a good attendance at these meetings as well as at Sunday School. The church, he states, is held in higher esteem than every before by the local constituency—the people understand now as never before that the church stands for something. The threat to close the church on the part of the manager because of the pastor's agitation of temperance issuses has come to nought, on the other hand the church is moving forward as usual and the mill company lost its political power in the state as a direct result, its assistant manager being defeated for re-election to the State Senate.

WEST WASHINGTON JOTTINGS.

There are only three fields without pastors west of the Cascades and these are negotiating with available men. This is a very unusual condition.

Blaine has bought lots and contemplates a building to cost six or seven thousand dollars, the Sunday School has quadrupled and the membership has nearly doubled since Mr. Avery entered on his work six months ago.

Pleaesant Valley expects Rev. Thos. E. Wright, of the M. E. Church, of Schuyler, Neb., as its pastor, in a few days.

Ferndale is improving its building within and without and will have a fine building.

. am proposes to buy and equip a fine launch at an expense of five hundred dollars for Rev. J. D. Hudson, who has the island fields on Shaw and Lummy. This is the second of the four or five launches needed on the Sound.

Rev. G. W. Davis has just begun work at Tolt, and Rev. F. D. Healey at Lopez and Richardson. Rev. J. Herbert Lake, McMurray and Mountbourne.

The church at South Alki is about finished, West Side, Seattle, has remodelled and enlarged its basement adding stage and dressing rooms, this church has never been so busy and progressive as at present under the energetic leadership of Rev. E. Tremayne Dunstan, who with all his work to the church finds time to lecture for our churches and the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Dunstan recently lectured at Victoria and at the Seattle Y. M. C. A., and is booked for Jan. 8 at the Green Lake Church. The remainder of Dr. Dunstan's family, three daughters, arrived from Sydney in time to enjoy Christmas in winter with the rest of the family.

A social evening was enjoyed at Sunnyside and pledges of about three hundred dollars were secured toward building a parsonage. The lots are already bought.

Roy and Allyn are in good shape, large and enthusiastic congregations and a most loyal band of young people cheer the pastor's heart.

After five or six years of inactivity the church at Hillhurst has reorganized in view of the fact that people are now living near it again. Mr Moore will look after it in connection with Lakeview.

Rev. J. M. Dick, of the Sunday School Society, reports the opening of Sunday Schools near Elma in the Gray's Harbor region and at Rollway between Olympia and Kamilche. At this place the Port Blakely Mill Co. has 30 miles of R. R. with car and engine shops, where cars are built and engines repaired. Both these schools start with bright promise, thirty being enrolled at each place already.

The Seattle Church Extension Society has purchases a lot 48 by 1-2 by 90, and will erect a portable building in a rapidly growing part of the Green Lake neighborhood and the Green Lake Church will furnish the building and conduct a Sunday School. The society will also provide a building for the Fairmount school, whcih now is held in a tent. Dr. Dunstan and Mr. Elwell conduct services there also.

WASHINGTON AND THE CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY.

Since the writer became correspondent for the Pacific one thing has impressed him as more significant than any other in the news of the state, that is the ever recurring news that some church was to build or remodel and enlarge and that many others are only waiting for a more favorable opportunity. News of future growth along this line for the next year has already come, but it is our purpose not to mention plans of the kind until they are mature; but we do wish to ephasize the fact that the coming year bids fair to be as noted as the last in church building. Probably last year Washington spent twice the sum of the preceding year on church building. Washington will do the same this year. Last year she called for more money from the Building Society than any other state in the west, she will do the same this year. What will the Building Society reply? The answer is easy. If it has the money it will be granted but if its income is not vastly increased it will not have the money and then it will be compelled to say as it is saying now, wait. With over a hundred churches asking aid to the amount of $150,000 what can it do? An application sent in to-day would at the pretsent rate of income have to wait a year before it could be acted upon. Washington has always received more from the Building Society than it has contributed, and in the past this was to be expected; but how about the future? We are trying to be self-supporting as far as the Home Missionary needs are concerned in 1910. Ought we not to be preparing for self-support in regard to our Sunday School and Church Building activies? Some feeble appeal for self-support is being made but the great question of building our own churches, I believe, has never been spoken of except by the present writer. The time has come to consider this, it will not be long before we are raising our Home Missionary money. Can we afford to neglect our church homes? Yet we must if we are to depend upon our Building Society to an extent so entirely out of proportion to what we contribute to its needs. There are other states with claims as pressing as ours. Would it not be a good thing for our Associations to take this mater up with a view of action at the next Conference? Churches into which we are pouring missionary money year after year are languishing because they lack adequate quarters or are struggling with a terrible load carrying the burden of building. More money ought to be put in to our churches at critical times and larger grants made for such extraordinary purposes as building. This would be much better than forcing them to accept missionary aid. Many churches if relieved of the necessity of meeting the extraordinary expenses would feel a hopelessness and courage that would go a long way toward creating that spirit without which it is hard for a church to attract new members.

Let the churches carry their ordinary expenses, salary. and incidentals, more largely and put them on their feet at the start by a more generous grant for building. needless to say this is not possible until the chnrches are more generous toward our burdened Building Society.

DEDICATION AT PACIFIC GROVE.

An event of unusual importance and deeply significant in the history of the Mayflower Church, was the dedication on Dec. 15th., 1908, of its annex recently built at a cost of nearly $6,000.00.

The south end of the church edifice has been torn out and that portion known as the chapel extended south and east furnishing a large Sunday- School auditorium surrounded on three sides by a double tier of rooms, the upper eight of which open out either directly or by means of a passageway onto a handsome balcony. In the lower tier are three more class rooms, parlor, 24 feet by 26 feet, kitchen, and ladies and gents dressing-rooms. Furnishings and furniture are up-to-date in every respect and represent an additional outlay of about $1,250.00. This last sum was made up very largely of free will offerings from S. S. classes, various other organizations, and friends and members of the church, the same persons who had previously pledged for the undertaking sums aggregating (with a $1500.00 subscription toward purchasing a pipe organ) very nearly the total expenditure to date for all purposes including about $1000.00 for repairs on main building, and an addition for the organ. When $3000.00 more is raised the pipe organ can be installed and all expenses met. A large basement needs only to be finished off to almost double the accomdations for the Sunday-school.

The windows, forty in number, are moss glass, to match the cathedral glass in the church proper, and furnish excellent light for the S. S. auditorium. Both upper and lower windows can be opened for good ventilation. The woodwork is redwood and Oregon pine, natural finish, and the walls and ceilings are kalsomined to match. A cluster of electric lamps overhead and side lamps around the balcony, about four dozen in all, furnish good light and gas fixtures are also installed.

On the afternoon of the 15th., the Mayflower Woman's Association kept open house and received the members of sister churches on the Monterey Peninsula as well as delegates to the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Monterey County Sunday-school Association, which held its sessions the next day in the new building.

In the evening the dedicatory exercises took place, the pastor, Rev. J. H. Goodell, D. D., presiding. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Geo. McCormick, D. D., for thirty-five years pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, Salinas City. In behalf of the Building Committe the chairman turned over the keys to the Board of Trustees, but before so doing called attention to the many evidences of divine guidance in the work accomplished—a wise, experienced and consecrated leader, the general plan of the building being the product of the observation and lifetime experience of Dr. Goodell, cheerful, generous contributors a harmonious and energetic Building Committee, and not least, workmen who nearly all were members either of the church or congregation and who owing to their interest and enthusiasm gave big value for the money expended.

Greetings, congratulations and words showing interest and appreciation were spoken in behalf of the local churches as follows: Episcopal Church by the rector, Rev. Geo. M. Cutting, U. P. Church, by the Rev. H. R. Snyder, M. E. Church, by Rev. Wesley Dennett, D. D., Christian Church by Rev. Aldrich, and Presbyterian Church of Monterey, by Rev. W. J. Clifford. The Registrar of the Santa Clara Association, Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, in a few well chosen words, extended greetings from the Congregational Churches of that Association, and Chas. R. Fisher, Secretary and Field Worker of the California (N.) Sunday-school Association spoke on "Up-to-date Architecture for Sunday-school Purposes." It had been planned to have the ex-pastors of Mayflower Church present, but Rev. E. S. Williams had a scriptural excuse for not coming, and Rev. Galley Five Jan 12 R. H. . . . . W. W. Ferrier and O. W. Lucas being unable to attend expressed by letter their congratulations and deep interest in the growth of the Church.

Just before the close of the services a hymn written especially for the occasion, by Dr. Goodell, the pastor, was sung.

Again with hearts o'erfull with praise,
We raise our voice in song and prayer,
To Thee who now hast crowned our days,
With tokens new of love and care.

This gift is thine; accept it Lord;
Thy name shall ever be adored.
As oft we view these mercies great,
Ourselves anew we dedicate.

To social life and children's need—
To fellowship and friendly deed—
This building fair in goodly state,
With joyful souls we consecrate.

Jehovah God, Thy presence send;
Thy blessing with our efforts blend;
May souls be born and lives be given;
Make this a pathway up to heaven;

All who have been through the annex are enthusiastic over the accommodations which it furnishes for Sunday-school and social activities of the church. And while going to their task with a new zeal the teachers are feeling an added responsibility in the use of the equipment, which now is theirs. At the December communion seven united with this church, four on confession of faith from the Sunday-school, one being from its Home Department. Including the latter Department the total enrollment of the School is over two thousand.

LIKE SHALLOW PONDS.

By Hilda Richmond.

Lightning had played havoc with the telephones in a certain section of a city, so a lawyer who needed a woman's signature to a legal document dropped into her husband's place of business to inquire if he could find her at home. "You won't find her there," said the husband, as if stating a positive fact. "I never knew her to be at home in the afternoon or evening unless callers were expected, and this isn't her receiving day. I really don't know where she is, but if you will wait a little while I will try to locate her." In spite of the great number of telephones out of order it was amazing how many residences the husband

called up before he located his wife. The lawyer was a bachelor, and the way the husband went at the work of locating the missing woman was a revelation to him.

This woman was only one of the great multitude of restless, uneasy wives who simply cannot stay at home unless they have company. They are like little shallow pools that need constant rain to replenish them and keep them from going dry and showing the ugly, muddy surface beneath. Every wind ruffles their shallows, and the sun's rays soon drink up their moisture. Having no depths, they are worth nothing and only take in constantly the rainfall without ever giving out anything benefical. It would be a real loss to any community to drop from the landscape the calm, deep lake that is a source of pleasure and profit to the country, but the shallow, muddy little ponds are disposed of as speedily as possible. The women who have no resources within themselves are like these small ponds, spreading out over a great deal of territory, but really worth nothing in comparison with the deep, clear lakes that reflect the stars and skies and all the beautiful things of nature in their quiet depths.

Pity the woman who dreads a half-hour alone herself! She who must have some one with her constantly is of all creatures the most miserable. It surely is pitiful to see a woman of this type seeking from house to house for companionship, very much as the beggar goes with his whine from door to door hunting old clothes and food. One woman who simply would not remain at home by herself had a long list of friends, and if she found one absent she went on from one house to another until she did discover a stopping place. Once there she was content to take out her fancy work and mildly gossip till time to go home for the evening meal. Having a competent maid, she felt free to go and come at will. She did not enjoy reading, cared nothing for music, was not interested in charitable work—and cared for absolutely nothing but being with some congenial friend. And "congenial" in her dictionary meant some one who did fancy work and talked about the little circle of people in which she moved. People outside that circle who met this woman occasionally, thought her decidedly tiresome, because they could not find a single topic on which to converse with her. One weary woman who endured three long hours on a train in her company, said she felt just like a sponge soaked full of the little happenings of three or four families, none of whom she hnew .

In one of the late Frank Stockton's novels he describes an old gentleman who kept the Squirrel Inn and only lodged people who knew a certain family living in Germantown. Andbody—no matter how rich or refined thesewonderful people managed to find places for a few boarders and lodgers in outbuildings on the premises, but he would allow the entire house to stand empty rather than fill it up with guests who did not know the Germantown family; and one man who did know these extreme, which was likely the case.

Some of the very readers who laughed at Stephen Petter and declared that no such person could ever have lived, are guilty of doing things just as foolish. A young society woman who was about to give a party nearly wore out herself and the telephone trying to discover whether or not a new resident of the town played cards. The new resident was, to all appearances, refined, intelligent and well-bred, and her husband's wealth and standing in the community seemed to indicate that she should be invited to even exclusive circles, but the hostess hesitated on account of the all-important question. "It would be so awkward," said she impatiently and pathetically to her friends, "to ask her and find out she could not play. There is really nothing else to do nowadays." By dint of persistent inquiry some one was found who "believed" the new resident was prejudiced against cards, and her name was dropped. Friends delicately conveyed the information to her that she would have to learn to play if she expected to have any part in the social doings of the place, but she received the information unmoved. As a matter of fact she could play bridge, but she said to herself that if that were the sole qualification required for admission into society, she would not take the trouble to make known her knowledge. Occassionally she is invited to afternoon receptions and parlor lectures, but the charmed circle is closed against her.

Does it indicate a very high degree of intelligence when there is but one way to entertain people? Ladies go to afternoon affairs without a bit of variety. Conversation is frowned on and respite only comes when refreshments are served. Even during that brief interval "points" are discussed and errors that might have been avoided deplored. Even if some of the guests desired to relax a little of their vigilance and take playing less seriously, the fear of displeasing partners or being rude to the hostess would nerve them for the fray. To be sure, there are women who are veritable gamblers in their love of the game, but there are others who force themselves to endure it just for the sake of keeping in society. They are afraid of being called "queer."

Remember, these are not women who have no time to cultivate their minds; the hard-working mothers with children to care for are not in this class. They are the wives and daughters of well-to-do and rich men and are amply supplied with money and leisure to do the things they enjoy. It is always interesting and amusing, when not downright pathetic, to listen to a shallow woman give an account of a trip to some place of interest. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh"—a saying that comes true every day. A woman who went to an exposition and stayed a week, came home with her mind full of details of a new suit she had seen and some new ideas in millinery. Nothing else made the least impression on her. Other women there are who come home to dilate on the inconveniences of travel or the wonderful service of the large hotels, but everything instructive or entertaining has been sifted out of their minds, if indeed it ever lodged there at all.

Sensible people always draw back instinctively from the women who do not care for their homes and who openly regard children as nuisances. However men may look on the duties and responsibilities of married life, they insist that women must have a love for the fireside and everything pertaining to it. The women who congratulate themselves, publicly or privately, on their freedom from family cares, will always be looked on as shallow and dangerous by the better class of men and women everywhere. But worse than all, there are women who have children and neglect them shamefully, simply because they are too weak and silly to assume their responsibilities. It is bad enough when an unmarried woman or a childless wife can find nothing to entertain or occupy the time at home and must seek pleasure elsewhere, but when a mother is shallow it is enough to make angels weep. "Mrs. G—is so narrow minded," said a society woman recently. "She never gets out anywhere, and all she knows is her home and her children. I have no patience with people who get into a rut and stay there." Whereupon a blunt old aunt remarked that Mrs. G—might have more time to go out if she did not have to bring up the children of her neighbors. The very women who pited

"poor Mrs G—" for having a large family turned their sons and daughters loose on the public, and the bright youngsters were not long in discovering that Mrs. G—had a real home with room in it for neglected children along with her own. Instead of sending her boys and girls out into the street to be rid of them, or trusting them to servants, she kept them happy and content under her watchful eye, and allowed them to have their playmates with them.

A country woman, through an accident, was unfortunate enough to have for a guest during a week in January a city relative of the shallow type. The country woman was accustomed to being pitied by her town friends because of her lonely condition, but she says she prefers solitude to company of that sort. The city woman could see no beauty in the wonderful snowdraped trees, the sparkle of the pond, the splendid moonlight nights and the comfort of the big, cozy farmhouse. Another week would have driven her crazy, she declared, and the family did not doubt her statement. Moreover, they thought she might have had company in insanity if the guest had stayed much longer, for they were driven to the verge of distraction to find something to amuse her. There were books and magazines in the home, a piano, needlework and other joys—at least they were joys to the hostess and her family—but the city woman, restless and unappreciative, bewailed her fate and longed for the time when she could escape. She could find no common ground on which to meet entertainers, though they were cultivated and well-bred.

These conditions exist everywhere, in spite of the fact that now as never before there are opportunities for women to become broad-minded, cultivated and sympathetic. It is no longer necessary to develop the mind in secret for fear of being pointed out as a freak, for everywhere the truly cultured woman is hailed with delight by sensible people. It is so refreshing to find a woman with resources within herself that it is a wonder more young women do not seek to emulate this type. There are women and women who never saw the inside of a college who can talk intelligently on many subjects, and, what is more, listen intelligently. They know how to amuse and entertain themselves in their own homes and are not amusement mad. Nature with her beauties, current events, home life, literature, music, the uplifting of humanity and hard work all contribute to the make-up of the charming woman, who is charming alike to friends and strangers but shines most clearly and brightly in her own home. The calm, quiet depths of her nature are not stirred by every petty breeze, nor does she become a bore, uninterested and uninteresting, the instant the rain of amusement cases to fall. The muddy, wide-spreading, worthless pond is a vexation, but the clear, placid deep lake is a blessing to any land. It is always a pleasure to find a woman who is really a woman and not a grown-up infant.—The In-

Young People

ALL UP AND DOWN THE KITTEN TREE.

There will be no quince jelly this year nor any other year, ever any more!" said Mother Delightful, looking at the fruitless boughs of the tree that grew by the kitchen door. "The old tree is good for nothing in the world but to help kittens grow. It is not that so, Sweetheart?'"

Sweetheart, daughter of the house and queen of the farm, laughed a million or so of sunshine-twinkles up into Mother Delightful's dear face, and made a gentle dash after the last six kittens that were clambering in a wobbly procession of heads and tails up and along the trunk of the tree. Such a crooked tree! Just made for soft kitten paws to try themselves on. At first the quince had made an effort to reach the sky and had grown straight up for a few feet; then, as if that had been to hard work, it started due south; next, it made a funny letter S twist back to the north, and lastly made a bias attempt to get back to the skyward route.

"Let's call it 'The Kitten Tree' then, Mother Delightful!"

"What's all this about a kitten tree?" asked Grandmother Dearest, peering with lovely wrinkly smiles over her gold-bowed glasses. She had just come from the pantry, where she had been stirring up some wonderful thing she called plum duff. No one knew exactly what is was, but it was good. No one could make such deliciousness grandmother.

"You never knew, did you, Little One, that the old quince has been a kitten tree for years and years and years? Why, dear me, all the kittens, striped, spotted and mixed, have learned to climb and sharpen their claws on that old quince. We used to say that was what kept the tree young so long, have young things all about it. How many quarts of jam and jell it has helped us to put down cellar! They think the tree and the whole round earth was made for them."

Fluff and Duff and Rough, Stuff and 'Nough and Huff were turning sawed-off somersaults and doing double-and-twisted conniptions up and down the trunk, chewing one another's spike tails and acting as though they did not love one another a bit.

"Mother Dee! I am just jealous for The Kitten Tree," said tender-hearted Sweetheart. "I want it to look young quincy again. If it can't grow quinces, may I morning glories, bushels of them, down here at the foot? The tree will not care, will it? Maybe it will like to have flowers on it again. And it will be just a lovely upstairs garden for my kittens to play on. May Abe help me make it, Mother Dee?"

Mother's love name was such a sweet one that when Sweetheart spoke it coaxingly, with a little mlew in her voice such as the kittens have in their voices when Abe is coming up from the barn with the big pails of warm milk, she almost always gets what she wants. And that is beacuse, beween you and me and The Kitten Tree, she nearly always wants nice things.

So Mother Delightful said "Yes," and Sweetheart hurried away to the garden to find Abe.

"I want The Kitten Tree upstairs garden made just like you make my mother's," said the little child. "Will you please be very particular and dig it away down, because we are going to have flowers on the tree this summer."

Abe had no manner of an idea what Sweetheart meant with her upstairs and her kitten tree; but he hurried away, as every one else did, to do what the child wanted him to. He dug deep all about the crazy trunk; he brought manure and mixed carefully with the earth that had not been stirred for years; he spaded and hoed and raked and piled the soil up about the old trunk. And Mother Earth, while she looked surprised, looked too as if she was really glad to get back close to the heart of her tree-child again, even if it did not bloom every spring as it used to do.

Grandfather became interested and gave the little gardener and friend of baby cats and flowerless quince tree a box of smooth, white shells he had picked up by the seaside. With these Sweetheart made a pretty border for the garden. Grandmother came and set out roots of pars-

ley. Mother set out some tiny plants of nasturtium from her own garden, and inside of all they scattered the little brown seeds that would send out climbers to go farther up The Kitten Tree than any baby cat had ever dared to go.

All summer the little cats grew. Fluff and Duff were white with grey spots; Rough was yellow with white spoits; Stuff was almost white, round as a barrel anl always crying for something to eat; 'Nough was thin and black and very dainty about what he ate; Huff was quarelsome kitty, and was always "spitting" at imagined enemies.

All summer long the morning glories grew. Mother Delightful made them a part of her large family, and fed them delicious, sudsy dishwater and once a week wash-water from the big laundry tubs. Sweetheart wondered if the blue-water would make the glories bluerer. Sometimes 'Mandy came from the kitchen with a pan of ashes, which she used about the little garden carefully as mother directed her. That was the way the garden was fed.

Sweetheart and the kittens were fed upon cream and milk and corn bread and biscuits and fried chicken. Sometimes a very selfish kittty would carry a small chicken bone into the Kitten Tree, and then there was fun! Sweetwanted to climb the tree with her six playmates, but the morning glories had quite a notion to climb themselves, and there was not room for them all.

After a while the leaves began to fall. The morning glories gloried out among the branches as long as they dared. Just about the time Jack Frost began to think things about that garden, the little round, brown, shiny seed baskets that the glories left behind them popped open and sprinkled the seeds down at the foot of the tree, and Jack Frost never got so much as a nibble at them. Mother brought a cunning little bag and dropped into it the nasturtium seed for another year's planting. Abe cleared away the now useless vines. The kittens had begun to go to the big barn to hunt for mice, so once more The Kitten Tree was left to dream of the days when it had had flowers of its own.

A few months of dear winter and then beautiful spring. The old quince—Sweetheart, I beg your pardon—The Kitten Tree woke up from her dreams and shook herself. Was it true? She had a secret. All through the lovely days she whispered it to her friends the birds, and they sang it aloud to all the world, but no one noticed until one morning when Grandmother Dearest came peering about through her bright glasses.

"I declare for it!" she exclaimed, taking them off and giving them a long rub on her clean white apron to make sure. "If this old tree—hasn't—gone—and—got—buds on it!"

"Buds of what?" asked Sweetheart, who was always somewhere near Grandmother Dearest. "It's my Kitten Tree. I don't want anything on it but kitties and leaves for them to play with, 'cause this year I'am going to climb it myself. There's only three cat babies in the basket and I don't know what to name them."

Mother Delightful came out to feed the chickens and clapped her hands at sight of the clusters of buds. "If it does bear quinces, mother, and the sweet apple down in the orchard does well, you and I will have the nicest time this fall!"

"And isn't it my Kitten Tree any more?" mourned Sweetheart,

"Surely it is, darling, for it was your Kitten Tree garden that waked the old tree up. The sun and the air and the dishwater and the ashes and all the other things trees love to eat got to its poor hungry roots and gave it an idea that it was good for something in the world, after all. Run now and and tell Abe to come and bring his spade and dig about it again. We must not let the glories grow there this year. We will feed it the best kind of growing-food all summer, wash its dear old trunk and make it right proud of itself and its flower babies. See, Sweetheart! The old cat is bringing her babies out into the sunshine. She is telling them how they will climb The Kitten Tree this summer. Shall mother name them?"

One by one she took the wee cats into her lap. "Quince, you are the biggest, so Quince is your name in honor of the new buds. Sweet Apple, your breath is as as blossoms, so Sweet Apple is your name. Jell, you fat little fellow, you shake all over like grandmother's best wild crap apple jelly, so Jell is your name! There you go! Cat-mother, teach those soft little paws how to climb The Kitten Tree!"

All summer long Quince and Sweet Apple and Jellromped up and down the S. shaped trunk of the old friend of kitten babies. Autumn came again and there were fat quinces in the boughs of the tree. Grandmother and mother put the big preserving kettles over the fire built out-of-doors, and by and by quarts of quince and sweet apple jell were put down cellar for days to come. The fourlegged namesakes, Quince and Sweet Apple and Jell, wandered away into the big world after mice and other things cats like to get. But Grandmother Dearest and Grandfather Beloved and Mother Delightful and Sweetheart stayed right on the farm and loved and cared for everything that grew.—Ada W. Shaw.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NOTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The quarterly meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union will be held in San Francisco, First Church, Jan. 21. The speakers will be Miss Ochini Okuto, Rev. Henry R. Miles and Rev. H. H. Wikoc. Sessions at 9 A. M. and 1.30 P. M. Luncheon served at the church. A full attendance is urged.

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

The Christian Guardian, speaking of the "Cigarette-smoking Boys, quotes from Professor Mr.Keever of Kansas Agricultural College, who says:

"I have tabulated reports of the condition of nearly 2,500 cigarette-smoking school-boys, and in describing them physically my informants have repeatedly resorted to the use of such epithets as 'sallow,' 'sore-eyed,' 'puny,' squeaky-voiced,' 'sickly,' 'short-winded,' and extremely nervous.' The younger the boy, the worse the smoking hurts him in every way, for these lads almost invariably inhale the fumes; and that is the most injurious part of the practice.' The effect upon the mind seems even more pronounced. "The injurious effects of smoking upon the boy's mental activities are very marked. Of the many hundreds of tabulated cases in my possession, several very youthful ones have been reduced almost to the condition of imbeciles. Out of 2,336 who were attending public school, only six were reported bright students. A very few, perhaps ten, were average, and all the remainder were poor or worthless as students." It seems to us that there is enough moral sense in mankind to protect the boyhood from this awful devastation.

"EB"—A TRUE STORY.

Children are enigmas, furnishing constant and interesting study. One thing among the many that I have learned about them is that their minds are a great deal quicker and brighter than "grown-ups" usually think, as the following little true story will illustrate, to the amusement and I hope to the profit of the reader.

"Eb" (Evelyn) was a little six-year old, with bright eyes, a shock of pretty red, curly hair and freckled face. She was one of a family of seven children who lived next door to the manse. The "home rule" of their parents was as liberal as could be, consistent with good behavior on the part of these children. They all loved the pastor and family, and were loved by them in return, so that they spent a good deal of time in the manse yard and house. Grandmother came to visit the family. She was a good woman, well-meaning, and loved these grandchildren dearly. But she was very industrious and exceedingly cleanly. While kind of heart she was austere in manner, and rather severe in enforcing her ideas upon the children. This strenuous life, enforced in that way, so different from what they had been accustomed to, became irksome to the little fellows.

A few days later "Eb" was at the manse and the pastor's wife was trying to entertain her, when the following dialogue took place:

"Well, 'Eb,' grandma has gone."

"Yes, um."

"And you miss her very much, don't you?"

"Yes, um."

"And you want grandma to hurry and come back, don't you?"

There was a significant silence and the good lady, looking at the child in surprise, said:

"Why, 'Eb,' don't you want grandma to come back?"

What was her amazement when the child, looking up in a shy, cute way, said:

"We've got her picture."—The Circle.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast father looked rather grim, and mother tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness and Bridget undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his coat and boots in the hall, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly. His mother looked up at him smiling and he just touched her check gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his sister and delivered the rolls to Bridget with a "Here you are Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened the damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerfully as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew at all, but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterward, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are in the world boys more brilliant than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper, I sure of that."

WHEN TO CRY.

There are mililons of little boys and girls in the world who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing. But they do not always know what just the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing.

Now I have often thought that there are little boys and girls who cry, now and then, at the wrong time, and I have asked many of the older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry.

But the other day I met a man older and wiser than any of the rest. He was very old and very wise, and he told me.

"It is bad luck to cry on Monday.

"To cry on Tuesday makes red eyes.

"Crying on Wednesday is bad for children's heads and for the heads of other people.

"It is said that, if a child begins to cry on Thursday, he will find it hard to stop.

"It is not best for children to cry on Friday. It makes them unhappy.

"Never cry on Saturday. It is too busy a day.

"Tears shed on the Sabbath are salt and bitter.

"Chidren should on no account cry at night. The nights are for sleep.

"They may cry whenever else they please, but not at any of these times. unless it is for something serious."

I wrote down the rules just as the old man gave them to me. Of course, they will be of no use to boys and girls who are past six, for those children do not cry. The wise man meant them for the little ones—the millions of little boys and girls who want to do the right thing and the very best thing.—St Nicholas.

TED AND THE WOOD PILE.

"I'll be glad when I get that whole pile of wood in. Then I'll be through with it, won't I, mother?"

"No, Ted. You know I shall want you to carry out the ashes, after the wood is burned up," answered mother.

"Then I'll be through with it, mother?"

"No, I think not," answered mother, while Ted's eyes grew big with wonder. "You will scatter the ashes on the cornfield, and father will plow them in in the spring. Then you will help them plant the corn, you know. The corn will grow, eating the ashes and ground about it, and by and by you will eat the sweet corn."

"Oh, we'll sort of eat the wood ourselves, and that will be the end of the old wood pile."

"Not quite," said mother. "There will be cobs left, and stalks of corn. We may feed them to the pigs, or to the cows, and that will give us meat or milk."

"Well, I never knew before that there was so much in a wood pile," said Ted. —Exchange.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE CHURCH.

Young people must have movement. It leaps in their blood and tingles in their nerves. All they seek is an outlet for the high-mettled life with them. It is there, and the Church of God must give it vent. No, not by weak effort to pattern after the world. Think not, I pray you, that young men and women who have had a taste of the intoxicating cup of this world's pleasure, will ever be taken captive by the flabby efforts of the Church to provide them with "harmless amusements." The Church is awkward in the habiliments of the world. But call our youth up into the hills of God. Let them know the high daring of those who storm the citadel of Satan. Speak to them of the eternal youth of God and let them see the red heart's blood of the young Man of Nazareth and Calvary. And will they follow? Ay, to the ends of the earth and to the end of the age. Give our boys and girls a chance. God pity the church whose youth have not beheld the face of Jesus Christ, and who have not learned the glory of the life that is and shall be.—Harvey Reeves Calkins in "The Victory of Mary Christopher."

BE YOURSELF.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the free and full liberty of thinking for himself.

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THE SECRET OF PROGRESS.

The passing of the old year and the coming of the new make retrospects and prospects inevitable. But the forward look prevails. The time past may suffice for itself; its bitterness is gone, its triumphs are over. Its memories remain, its successes may encourage us, its mistakes and failures humble us; no wise man will ignore the lessons of the bygone days or despise their warnings. but the past is ours no longer, and the heart is eager to breast the unclimbed steeps, the feet are restless to try the untrodden way. Tomorrow shall not be as this day, but much more abundant.

Clearly everything will depend on the spirit and temper in which the new tasks are undertaken. A large proportion of our life will not be new, but only the old round repeated under new conditions and with more or less new equipment. Whether the proverbial good resolutions are to end as so many of their predecessors have ended, or whether they are to be realized in solid achievement, will depend very largely on the measure of spiritual energy with which our outlook on the future animates us. It would not be unfair or unfruitful to divide men into two classes, according to whether they have or have not a real and serviceable faith in the future. The customary division into optimists and pessimists does not fit the facts. No one likes to be called a pessimist, and the professors of this gloomy creed are not really numerous. The self-styled optimist, on the other hand, is usually a shallow, cocksure sort of person whose sanguine bombast is more than half egotism, and whom no sensible man would trust as a guide for five minutes. But a deep and fundamental distinction may be drawn between those who have and those who have not a well-grounded and abiding confidence in the future, and no satisfactory progress can be accomplished without it.

Faith in the future means faith in the God of past, present, and future alike. For the Christian it means assurance that God in Christ is reconciling the world unto Himself, and that the work begun two thousand years ago is advancing—slowly as it may seem to us, but surely and irresistibly—towards that dispensation of the fullness of the times when its whole meaning will be seen and its true culmination attained. Jesus was alone, bereft and passing to a tragic death, when He said to His disciples, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." St. Paul's faith in the future was indomitable; he knew that the groaning of creation meant but the birth-pangs of a new order.—W. T. Davidson, in Methodist Times.

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DIAMONDS NEED TO BE RECUT.

Precious Truths Learned from Precious Stones.

The famous Isabella diamond, alleged to be one of the original gems pawned by Queen Isabella of Spain to pay for the voyage of Columbus, which resulted in the discovery of America, was sold at auction and brought less than $20,000. The diamond shows the effect of age and in order to restore its brilliancy it will have to be recut.

Men, like diamonds, lose their brilliancy. There is nothing like the dust of this world to destroy the flush and sparkle of youth. When lost there is only one way to gain again the brilliancy, that is, to recut the gem. Life never shows its brilliancy till it is recut. When the crudities of life are taken away then it is that our real life has a chance.

Education is an instrument by which life is recut. Morality is the wheel and spirtuality the emery on the wheel, upon which life is turned. The recent life is the new cut life. Old things have been taken away, all things in the life have become new. This recutting process goes on continually. Many things we learn that we have to unlearn. Many things we forget that we have to relearn. This unlearning, relearning, learning, recutting make the processes of life. No life is of value till it shines; to shine it must be polished; to be polished it must be recut. Lives that are dull and uninteresting are lives that have not been polished. The diamond was unconscious of its brilliancy until it was called out.

Many a life is being lived today that knows not its own brilliancy. All that it wants is some friendly, spiritual lapidary to call out the light within. Only a touch, only a smile, only a word may be the ray of light that will flash the brilliancy within, back on itself and awaken the life.—New York Observer.